[ficlet] Human AU: Alone. - Prone to Interference from Mini-cabs — LiveJournal

• Mar. 9th, 2011 at 1:00 AM

Title: Human AU: Alone.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: PG.
Warnings: None.
Pairings/Characters: Michael +/ Gabriel.
Word Count: 729 words.
Summary: Instead of the Cage, Michael finds himself stripped of his Grace and on Earth, sharing an apartment with Gabriel.
Note: Written for **spn_30snapshots**, this is the first prompt I'm using - #4 alone - and like everyone else on my flist, this is going to be part of a larger arc for the whole table. One down, twenty-nine to go!

The entire plot/arc summed up in less than twenty words: Post S5 humanAU, Michael doesn't adjust well, and neither will Raphael or Lucifer once they get written in.

"Stop this," Michael says, pulling back and away from Lucifer. "You...we can't do this."

"You're dreaming," Lucifer says, and it's strange, because angels can't dream, don't dream -

"Lucifer?" Michael asks, and then Lucifer is gone, and he is awake.

He's human. He digs his nails into his palms instead of punching something, and reflexively begins a prayer, begins to plead for help, a respite from this fate.

As always - just like a human - there is no reply. It makes him shiver, even though he knows that his Father is listening, somewhere.

How would he be here and human otherwise? How would he be out of the Cage otherwise?

Michael gets out of bed, almost forgets that he needs to put on pants, and nearly makes it to the door before his now-human body reminds him that he's sore, he needs to use the bathroom, and that the temperature is cold enough to make him want a shirt.

Unhappily, he goes about his business, and then he has arrived downstairs, entered the small kitchen where there is already one of his brothers flipping pancakes: Gabriel. Gabriel's human too, just as surprised to be here as he was, and even more surprised that he's not dead.

Michael doesn't know whether to hate Gabriel or be relieved that he has family here.

"Morning, sunshine!" Gabriel greets him, and puts the pancakes on a plate.

Michael would hate him now, but he is hungry, and Gabriel already told him that he'd be happy to make enough food for both of them in the morning.

They have an arrangement. They're both playing a waiting game, still figuring out what to do now that they're human, but as much as Michael wants to leave Gabriel, his body is human and its needs are human, and he has no idea how to even begin to do that.

Gabriel, even as when he was masquerading as a God, paid attention to those details humans dealt with, if only so he could be superior for not having to deal with them. So he explained the bathroom to Michael, cooked a meal for him, explained what sleep was.

Michael rubs at his eyes and sits at the kitchen table, trying not to think of what it meant that Gabriel was awake already.

"The newspaper's here already, if you want to read it?" Gabriel offers, and Michael shakes his head. He's not interested in engaging in that activity, not interested in human affairs.

He resents being forced to care even a little bit, and he despises himself for resenting that, as this situation was brought about by God and how could he ever find fault in one of God's plans? But when he had explained this to Gabriel, Gabriel had laughed in his face and told him that it was something they all should have started ages ago, after the pain of the first war.

Michael hadn't asked about the haunted look on Gabriel's face, hadn't needed to: they all had their private pains and frustrations regarding their parts in God's plan.

Gabriel puts the plate of pancakes before Michael and ruffles his hair, and Michael swats at his hand.

"Don't," he threatens, picking up a fork. "Don't touch me."

"Someone's grumpy this morning," Gabriel says, but he turns away to serve his own food. "A bill arrived with the newspaper."

"A what?"

"We've got to fork over some cash, or we'll be booted from this apartment." Gabriel says. "Dad paid for just long enough for us to get used to being human before we'd have to start scrambling for a job."

Michael gives Gabriel a steady look, waiting for him to try talking again, but in words that make sense to him.

"To continue to live here, as opposed to sleeping outside and having no food," Gabriel spells out slowly, "We need to come up with some cash - money. Green pieces of paper with Presidents on 'em. And to obtain money, we need to get jobs - work for someone who's willing to pay us money for what we do - and get a paycheck big enough to pay for this."

"Ah."

"Don't worry, I've got it covered. You just keep moping around here while I figure this out." Gabriel grins reassuringly at him, then digs back into his pancakes.

Michael doesn't feel reassured.